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THE KING AND QUEEN OF ABYSSINIA.

The recent terrible defeat of the Italian army in Abyssinia has brought into prominence a woman of whom the world has hitherto known almost nothing. Twenty-eight years ago Sir Robert Napier, now Lord Napier of Magdala, marched a British army of sixteen thousand men through Abyssinia to Magdala, the capital, and without losing one dron of British blood took complete possession of it. On the entry of the British forces the king took his own life.

Since that time those who know tell us that Abyssinia has made vast strides in civilization. Its present king is a strong ruler, and he is aided by a clever, shrewd, patriotic woman. It is probably due, it is said, more to the Empress Taoti than to anyone else that the Italian effort to subjugate the country has so disastrously failed.

Taoti, or Taytou, as she is sometimes called, has had a strange and romantic career. She was born in 1850, and, like her husband, who is also her cousin, claims descent in a direct line from that Queen of Sheba whose visit to King Solomon is described in the ninth chapter of the Second book of Chronicles. In common with all the members of the ancient royal house, she was driven into exile by the tyrant Theodore, who suspected all who were of royal blood of plotting against him. But early in 1868 she and her parents returned and found refuge at Gondar. There Taoti met her cousin, Menelik, an exile like herself. The two young people fell in love and were about to be married when Theodore interfered. He insisted on Menelik marrying one of his own daughters, and on Taoti becoming his own wife. As disobedience meant certain death, both yielded. Theodore treated his young wife with such savage brutality that his death a few months later came to her as a relief. After his downfall Abyssinia became a scene of anarchy and civil war. The various petty kings struggled for the supreme command, but no one of them could attain the rank of Emperor. Five times in succession Taoti was married and five times became a widow through the continuous fighting that went on. At last, weary of the repeated misfortunes, she entered a convent and became a nun. But convent life to a woman of her active, ambitious temperament was intolerable, and she obtained from the Archbishop of Abyssinia a release from her vows. While living quietly with her brother at Ephrata, she met her first lover, Menelik, who in the changes of the national kaleidoscope had emerged as king of Shoa. Their old passion was rekindled, and in spite of all difficulties Menelik made her his wife.

The marriage was celebrated in 1885 with imposing ceremonies. Since that time Taoti has made herself famous. Through her tact and diplomacy her husband has been chosen Emperor, and has established his rule in Abyssinia. In dealing with Italy, Taoti's skill as a diplomatist was the mainstay of Menelik and his ministers. She guided the negotiations, and when war became inevitable it was she who initiated the measures for drilling and equipping the army, and her undaunted spirit that gave courage to the Abyssinian leaders. It is believed that Menelik would have yielded without fighting to the Italian demands but for Taoti's firmness.

KING MENELIK OF ABYSSINIA.

THE EMPRESS OF ABYSSINIA.

A SLIP OF PAPER.

A dissipated young man entered one day a street car in one of our large cities, and sat down all unnoticed. Listless, unobservant, he heeded not nor cared who occupied the seat beside him; he would go to the other part of the city and try for work.

He had lost one job after another because of his dissipated habits and now the extremity had come. He mumbled to himself: 'If I cannot get work I can die—there's an end to all things. When one ceases to be useful he ought to be out of the way.'

He then looked back to the time when he had come to the city, full of hope, ambition and promises to mother to be a pure, honest boy. But, alas, the old, old story!

A sparkle came into his eyes as he thought of the fortune he so soon thought to lay at her feet. Then, as he realized his condition, a great wave of agony, shame and distress swept over the once manly countenance.

Now he found himself alone—the man beside him had just left. Where did he want to get off? He did not know or care.

With downcast eyes he espied a slip of paper. Slowly and thoughtlessly he picked it up, and was about to throw it down when he thought the hand-writing looked familiar. As he glanced at the script, the words attracted his attention; he read and reread them until the words burned themselves into his memory. 'I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto Thy testimonies.'

He was aroused to a sense of his surroundings as the car stopped, and he saw they were at the terminus of the line. Yes, he would get off. So without noticing what he was doing, he crossed the street, and sat down on the grass in the shade. With head down, eyes fixed upon the ground as if seeing them there, again he repeated the words, 'I thought on my ways, and turned my feet—'

He was coming to himself, as many another prodigal has done. He was not thinking.

He did not know he was being watched by a lady on the veranda across the way, and had not heard her daughter singing; but now the words floated out through the open window—

> Other refuge have I none,
> Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,
> Leave, oh, leave me not alone—

'Alone, yes, alone,' he said, while he wept. He glanced up as a little fellow about three years old ran past him, then turned and looked at him with his countenance full of pity, and said: 'Have you lost anyfing?'

'Yes, I've lost my all, my manhood!'

The lady had missed the little urchin, and called him, but he paid no heed. She came across the street for him. As she came nearer them the little boy said in tones of sympathy:

'Mamma, he lost somefing.'

'Can I help you, sir?' she asked in the kindest, sweetest tones he had heard since he had left home and mother.

She drew from him the story of his present condition, and invited him to her home, saying her husband would be in soon, and she was sure he could help him. In the meantime she would prepare tea, and Nellie would sing for him.

He is now the noble man he had planned to be. With constant employment and pleasant, Christian surroundings in this home, whose motto was, 'Look up, lift up,' his feet had been turned and the lost found.

A few years later he remarked to Nellie, who had become his wife: 'I wish I might see the man who dropped that slip of paper on that memorable day. I want to thank him for it.'

Nellie promptly replied: 'Thank God instead, for it was he that willed it. It was the Lord's words you needed. He says: "So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."—'The Christian Monitor.'

PROFITABLE LOSSES.

The following good speech is nearly a verbal report of one heard at a temperance meeting:

'I have been thinking, since I came into the meeting to-night, about the losses I've met since I signed the total abstinence pledge. I tell you there isn't a man in the society who has lost more by stopping drink than I have. Wait a bit until I tell you what I mean. There was a nice job of work to be done in the shop today, and the boss called for me.

'"Give it to Law," said he. "He's the best hand in the shop."

'Well, I told my wife at supper time, and she said:

'"Why, Laprie, he used to call you the worst. You've lost your bad name, haven't you?"

'That's a fact, wife,' said I. 'And it ain't all I 've lost in the last sixteen months either. I had poverty and wretchedness, and I lost them.

I had an old ragged coat and a shockin' bad hat, and some water-proof boots that let the wet out at the toes as fast as they took it in at the heel. I've lost them. I had a red face, a trembling hand, and a pair of shaky legs that gave me an awkward tumble now and then; I had a habit of cursing and swearing, and I've got rid of that. I had an aching head sometimes and a heavy heart and, worse than all the rest, a guilty conscience. Thank God I've lost them all.

'Then I told my wife what she had lost.

'You've had an old ragged gown, Mary,' said I. 'And you had trouble and sorrow and a poor, wretched home, and plenty of heartaches, for you had a miserable drunkard. Mary, Mary, thank the Lord for all you and I have lost since I signed the temperance pledge!'—'Constitution.'

EFFECTS OF TOBACCO ON THE YOUNG.

Dr. Laban writes: 'I have often observed that youths, who before the habit of smoking was contracted were resolute, manly and vigorous in mental fibre, became, after free indulgence in this practice, timid, fearful, hesitating and irresolute. The mental stamina was gone, and the quality of manhood produced much inferior to that originally promised. One other defect deserves mention in this connection, viz.: the dryness of the mouth and throat, and the corresponding thirst produced by smoking. This thirst is morbid, and not to be satisfied easily with that which allays natural thirst. It craves something stronger. Also the nervous depression induced by the use of tobacco finds a ready and temporary relief in the stimulation of beer, wine and alcoholics. These two causes then, the thirst and depression, are powerful temptations to drinking.'

Do the young need the stimulation of the cigarette to enable them to do their work in our day? Did Socrates and Plato and Aristotle, and other great men of the past use tobacco to give them strength? Did Peter and Paul and John need it? Centuries before tobacco was known to civilization the wise man of Israel said: 'The glory of young men is in their strength,' and centuries later another (the saintly John) said: 'I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong.' Shall it be said of this generation, the glory of our young men is found in their white hands, pale faces, trembling legs, feeble arms, weak hearts, and, above all, their beautiful meerschaums and elegant cigarettes.

For stimulation to mental work and a capacity for it, we know a half hour a day in the gymnasium under wise direction, or an hour of brisk and vigorous out-door exercise, superior to all the tobacco ever produced. In these days of abundance of food it were the height of folly to take into the system that which either retards or arrests those changes which the healthy body ought to undergo in transforming food into new tissues or into living force, and casting out the worn-out material as useless refuse.

It is safe to say, then, that tobacco has detracted essentially from the world's stock of force, physical and intellectual, and it would be hard to mention any particular in which it has contributed to the advancement of the human race in greatness or virtue. If we read aright the indications of natural law, this herb belongs to the category of poisonous drugs, and is in no sense a proper food or luxury for the young.—'Journal of Hygiene.'

CONCERNING ALCOHOL.

SOME REASONS WHY IT SHOULD NOT BE TAKEN INTO THE SYSTEM.

First, modern science proves that alcohol is not helpful to any vital process. It is the enemy of vitality. It over works the organs with which it comes in contact, inducing needless friction.

Second, the appetite for alcoholic drinks is cumulative. It has no power of self-restriction. It grows by what it feeds on. One glass calls for two, two for three, and so on in dangerous ratio.

Third, the life of a drinking man is apt to be divided into two chapters of a very tragical serial, in the first of which he could have left off if he would, and in the second he would have left off if he could.

Fourth, the power of habit is practically omnipotent. The power of will to cope with it has been proved insufficient. The grooves of action are quickly worn. No harm results from doing without alcohol, but absolute good has been proved to result from such abstinence.—Frances E. Willard, in 'Do Everything.'

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

LESSON X.—June 7, 1896.

Luke 22: 24-37.

WARNING TO THE DISCIPLES.

Commit to memory vs. 24-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.—Phil. 2: 5.

THE LESSON STORY.

Jesus was on his way to Jerusalem to be crucified. He had come now with his disciples to the upper room, where the last supper was eaten. This was the Jewish passover supper, and was a very joyful feast, held in memory of God's goodness to his people Israel. Was it not sad and strange that the disciples should quarrel about who should have the best place? And none of them were willing to take the place of a servant and wash the feet of the others. Then Jesus himself took the water and towel and washed the feet of the disciples, and so taught us and them a lesson of lowly love and service.

Then Jesus told them that since they had been faithful to him in his trials he should give them a kingdom, and they should eat and drink at his table in his kingdom. Jesus wanted his disciples to learn how noble it is to serve, and he warned them against pride and self-confidence. He told Simon Peter how Satan wanted to have him for his servant, and he said that he had prayed for him that his faith might not fail.

He taught the disciples also how they might trust him for all they needed when they were doing his work, and he told them once more that he was about to die a shameful death.—Berean Lesson Book.

LESSON OUTLINE.

I. Warning against selfish ambition. vs. 24-30.

II Warning against self-confidence. vs. 31-34.

III. Warning against coming danger. vs. 35-37.

HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 22: 1-23, The Lord's Supper.
T. Luke 22: 24-38, Warning to the Disciples.
W. John 13: 1-20, Washing Their Feet.
Th. Luke 22: 39-53, Jesus in Gethsemane.
F. Luke 22: 54-71, Jesus Accused.
S. Mark 14: 53-72, Jesus Before the Council.
S. Matt. 26: 57-75, The False Witnesses.

Time.—A.D. 30, Thursday evening, April 6.

Place.—An upper room in Jerusalem.

HINTS AND HELPS IN STUDY.

Jesus closed his public ministry on Tuesday, April 4.—He spent Wednesday and Thursday in retirement at Bethany. On Thursday he sent Peter and John to Jerusalem to prepare for keeping the passover. Toward evening he followed with the other disciples, and there celebrated the feast. Before the supper began, Jesus observed among the disciples a strife for seats of honor at the table. He rebuked them by himself washing their feet. Tuesday's and Wednesday's Readings. The probable order of occurrences was then as follows: 1. The passover supper eaten. Vs. 15-18. 2. The betrayal foretold, and departure of Judas. Vs. 21-23; see also John 13: 18-30. 3. Institution of the Lord's Supper. Vs. 19, 20. 4. Peter's denial foretold. Vs. 31-38. Then followed the farewell discourse and intercessory prayer in John 14-17. Toward midnight Jesus went to Gethsemane where his arrest soon followed.

QUESTIONS.

What was the passover? Whom did Jesus send to prepare for its celebration? Who were present at this feast? What new ordinance did Jesus institute? What command did he give about its observance? What strife was there among the disciples? What did Jesus do to rebuke them? What did he say to them? What did he say to Peter? What did Peter answer? What warning did Jesus give him? Of what did he forewarn his disciples?

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. True greatness is unselfishness—seeking to serve, not to be served.

2. Christ knows Satan's plots and prays for us.

3. When we have been helped by Christ we should help others.

4. Self-confidence is sure to lead to a fall.

5. Life is full of danger and we should always watch and trust.—Westminster Lesson Book.

ILLUSTRATION.

The truly great serve in trifles. They do not wait for some remarkable service. They improve little opportunities. When the English nobleman, Lord Shaftesbury, was on his way to receive military honors as Lord Lieutenant of his county, he stopped his carriage, and gave his place to a lame old woman hobbling along the road, while he mounted the box beside the coachman.

The truly great serve the lowly. They know no caste. A human being is a brother. For many years an old man used to sweep the street crossings near the London House of Parliament. One day he was absent. He was found by a missionary, ill, in a little, miserably furnished attic. 'You are lonely here,' the missionary said. 'Has anyone called?' 'Oh, yes,' he replied, 'several persons have called—Mr. Gladstone for one. He called and read to me.' 'Mr. Gladstone called? And what did he read?' 'He sat on the stool and read the Bible to me.' England's greatest statesman was never greater than when he sat beside that attic cot and ministered in Jesus's name to one of Jesus's own.

The truly great seek not their own. They value their righteousness above their rights. Wilder Dwight was mortally wounded in the battle of Antietam. The surgeon came to him as he lay suffering. The Christian man pointed to other wounded men lying near, and said, Attend to them first; I can bear it better than they.'

The truly great minister unselfishly. Helen Keller, the deaf and dumb girl, who is also blind, one Christmas, at the festival, found out that one poor little child had been entirely overlooked in the distribution. She went immediately to her own little store and chose a mug, one of the presents she valued most highly, and carried it to the neglected one with glad motions of love. Even a child may imitate the Saviour in the greatness which only comes by service.—Arnold's Practical Commentary.

LESSON XI.—June 14, 1896.

Luke 23: 33-46.

JESUS CRUCIFIED.

Commit to memory vs. 44-46.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures.—I. Cor. 15: 3.

THE LESSON STORY.

After the supper in the upper room Jesus and the disciples went to the garden of Gethsemane, and there he was arrested and taken to the high priest. There was a hurried trial, and then he was condemned to die on the cross. It was in the bright morning when he was led away to Calvary and crucified between two thieves. Then the crowd gazed while Jesus prayed, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.'

It was the custom to write on a board the crime which the man had committed and place it on the cross above his head. But what crime could they say Jesus had done? Pilate had said, 'I find no fault in him,' and he wrote, 'This is Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews.' The rulers were angry when they saw this, but Pilate would not change it.

The rulers and the soldiers mocked Jesus as he hung there, and even one of the dying thieves spoke mocking words to him. But the other thief, who was sorry for his sin, asked Jesus to remember him when he came into his kingdom. And Jesus promised that he should be with him that day in paradise. For three long hours Jesus hung on the cross, and then a great darkness came over the land. It lasted three hours, and when it rolled away and the sun shone forth again Jesus said, 'Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit,' and then his beautiful earthly life was ended.—Berean Lesson Book.

LESSON OUTLINE.

I. Mocked and insulted. Vs. 33-38.

II. Saving the penitent robber. Vs. 39-43.

III. Dying for our sins. Vs. 44-46.

HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 23: 1-12, Jesus Before Pilate and Herod.
T. Luke 23: 13-32, Jesus Condemned and Led Away.
W. Luke 23: 33-49, Jesus Crucified.
Th. Luke 23: 50-56, Jesus Buried.
F. Matt. 27: 27-54, What He Suffered for Us.
S. Gal. 3: 1-14, From What He Redeemed Us.
S. Gal. 6: 1-18, His Cross Our Glory.

Time.—A.D. 30, Friday April 7, from nine to three o'clock.

Place.—Calvary (Golgotha), just outside the city of Jerusalem. The exact site is unknown.

HINTS AND HELPS IN STUDY.

After his arrest in Gethsemane, at midnight of Thursday, Jesus was led first to Annas and then to Caiaphas who briefly examined him. The trial by the Sanhedrin, at the high priest's palace, followed. Peter had entered the palace court with John, and remained there during the trial. Three times he there denied his Master. The council adjourned until daybreak. Meanwhile Jesus was grossly maltreated. The reassembled council condemned Jesus to death for blasphemy, and he was then taken to Pilate to be sentenced. The charge they made was sedition. Pilate sent him to Herod who was then in Jerusalem at the time. Herod ridiculed him and sent him again to Pilate, who declared he found no fault in Jesus, and made further vain efforts to release him. Finally on demand of the Jews Barabbas was released and Jesus was delivered to be crucified. Besides the Home Readings, study the accounts of the crucifixion in Mark 15: 22-37 and John 19: 16-30.

QUESTIONS.

Where was Jesus arrested? When? By whom was he tried? What sentence was pronounced upon him? To whom did the council take him? For what purpose? To whom did Pilate send him? How did Herod treat him? What did Pilate try in vain to do? What did the Jews demand? What did Pilate finally do? What prayer did Jesus offer as he was being crucified? What superscription was placed on the cross? What did Jesus promise the penitent robber? What took place while he was on the cross? What were his last words?

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. Jesus went down to the lowest depths to save us.

2. Jesus teaches us to pray for those who despitefully use us.

3. Sinners may be saved even at the last if they truly come.

4. Sinners may be lost close to the cross of Christ.

5. Jesus died to redeem us from eternal death.—Westminster Question Book.

ILLUSTRATION.

The perversity. 'They crucified him.' V. 33. The Jews were obstinate and ungrateful in their hatred. Nothing is so base as ingratitude. At the battle of Alma, a wounded Russian called piteously for water. Captain Eddington ran to him and gave him the refreshing draught. The wounded man revived. The captain turned to join his regiment, when the man just restored by his kindness fired and shot him. The Jews were guilty of the same perverse ingratitude. Christ preached to their poor, healed their broken-hearted, delivered their captives, restored their blind, their lame, their deaf, their dumb, their diseased. He raised their dead, and 'they crucified him.' Oh! the perversity of sin! They crucified him,' the prophesied Christ, their promised Saviour. A rich gentleman attempted one day while intoxicated to cross an avenue where a little street sweeper, to whom he had often given a nickel, was waiting for a hurrying carriage to pass. The street sweeper saw the gentleman's danger and sprang forward and threw himself against him and pushed him back, but his own little feet slipped and he fell right under the prancing horses. They picked up his poor bruised body and carried it to the hotel near by. The man little Andy had saved was sober now, and wept as he said, 'Oh, Andy, your life for me! How can I bear it.' But the tears the strong man shed were tears of repentance. He never touched the liquor again. He spends all his time and strength and money saving men from intemperance. 'How can I do less,' he says, 'with the remembrance of Andy's sacrifice always before me? There is one who gave his life for us; shall not the thought of that sacrifice decide that our lives shall be one long, glad sacrifice for him?—Arnold's Practical Commentary.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE FARM MOTHER.

When the question is asked, 'What is the most valuable crop raised on the farm ?' some one is certain to answer, 'The boys and girls.'

Quite right, but I want to ask another question : 'What is the most valuable creature on the farm ?' and you unhesitatingly answer 'Mother.' Just as she is the most valuable, most precious and most holy thing on earth.

So much is written of how to keep the boys on the farm, and make farm life attractive to the young of both sexes, that we are in danger of overlooking the consideration of the mother's comfort and happiness. Not until we have been poor can we appreciate the advantage money will bring. And not until the mother is taken can the inmates of the home begin to realize how large a place she filled. How many mothers live to be gray haired and never know they are appreciated ; who never hear the words, 'Mother, I love you.' Say them sometimes when you kiss her good night, and as long as your mother lives I hope you will not outgrow that good night kiss, and see what a glad light creeps into the tired eyes. It will pay you, that look.

When mother is gone we think of our shortcomings, of her privations, of her noble self-sacrifices, of her perfect self-effacement, and then we blame ourselves for allowing it so to be. We remember how, when father died, the care all fell on her weak shoulders ; how, for our sakes, she bore up and appeared cheerful, and managed the farm with a skill that put us on the road to independence. We recollect that she stayed alone evenings when we were at parties or lectures, and, coming home late, how we found a wet handkerchief dropped by accident near the chair—the only evidence of her loneliness and heartache.

We recall the only time when we ever urged her to go to a picnic—how the girls had cool, fresh muslins to wear, and she went in her old alpaca on that hot summer day. She journeyed along miserably in the old buggy, because nobody thought to tuck a pillow at her back and add an extra cushion to the seat. It is the host of little things which make or unmake mother's happiness. I want to urge mothers to ask for necessary things when you know they can be afforded. Take needful rest, though the floor remain unswept. The woman who lays every nerve and talent on the altar of household drudgery breaks down before her time and goes to a premature grave, or lives along but half a woman for the remainder of her days.

She has made a slave of herself so long that all take it as a matter of course. She catches up the pail and hurries out to do the milking that father and the boys may find the chores all done when they get home; it becomes a daily occurrence, and she need not blame them if in time they cease to protest against her doing it ; she has taught them to expect it. She digs potatoes rather than hinder the men, and perhaps feeds the pigs and waters the horses, as I have known some farmers' wives to do, and then in a year pay out more money for doctor's bills than would have hired a man to do the work. This is blind, misguided regard, and the veriest unwisdom.

There may be times when it is necessary for a woman to do a man's work, but it is the uncalled for and unnecessary performance of such work of which we are speaking. In every position in life a woman is largely responsible for the place she occupies. Let her then determine whether she is to be mistress or slave, and accept corresponding conditions.

Not long since the writer visited a home where the mother had died comparatively young. There were no pictures on the walls, no carpets on the floors, not a scrap of anything bright or pretty except the children's faces. This mother had been brought up in refined circles and graduated from one of the best Eastern schools, and came to Dakota, a young wife, to help make a home. Everything had been sacrificed to this end ; relatives, society, ease, the refined surroundings that women of her stamp instinctively crave ; even life itself had at last been given up in labor for her dear ones. The home did not contain even a rocking chair or crib in which the fretful baby might have been soothed to sleep. Think of the weary hours she must have passed in those hard, straight-backed chairs! Was not some one to blame ?

There was a funeral once in a spacious farm house. The mother had died at sixty ; thirty years too soon. The daughters mourned in crape and nun's veiling, and wet real lace handkerchiefs with their tears. The sons' eyes let fall hot splashes upon the wrinkled, cold hands and sunken cheeks where the white rose of death had blossomed, and the mourners followed the costly coffin to the most expensive lot in the churchyard.

When they came to look over mother's things they were surprised to find how few and poor her personal belongings. One decent black dress, an unfashionable bonnet, a shawl she had when she was married, a few old every-day gowns, a pair of patched shoes and two changes of underclothes ; that was all. The reason why she never went visiting or to church was revealed at last. 'Girls,' said the eldest daughter, with sobs, 'to think that we should have neglected mother so ! I never dreamed how stinted she was. I can never forgive myself—never, never !'

The sons had fine horses in the stable. They gave them fresh straw for bedding every night, and a heaped measure of ground feed for supper. In making a tour of the house after the funeral they found that mother's bed was a tick filled with straw, under which were hard slats that must have made her old bones ache and robbed her of hours of sleep. Her teeth, they remembered, were mostly gone, too ; yet they never took pains to procure her any special delicacies on that account ; she ate what the others did, and mumbled the tough steak or sucked a rind, and nobody noticed. They wrung their hands in fresh pain. 'This is awful,' they wept ; 'why didn't she tell us ? We were better to our horses than we were to mother ! We cannot make it up to her now. She will never know how sorry and wicked and wretched we feel ; and now it is too late, too late !'—Mrs. Wells Ferrin, in 'The Household.'

BEST METHOD OF CLEANING BLACK DRESS GOODS.

Every one has or wants a black gown nowadays, and such goods as serge, cheviot, cashmere, Henrietta, etc., are easily cleaned. First remove the grease spots with naphtha, and remember that this fluid is very explosive when exposed to either light or fire. Make a lather of warm soapsuds, using a good, not strong, soap, and a teaspoonful of borax to every two quarts of water. Into this dip the goods up and down and wash between the hands ; then wring gently and pat partly dry ; hang in the shade, and when nearly dry iron on the wrong side with a moderately warm iron. Always rinse once in luke-warm water, and iron until the material is perfectly dry. Never rub a fabric that is being renovated on the washboard, nor wring it tightly, and in using naptha remember that it roughens the hands, and that after using it it is well to put vaseline upon them and to wear old gloves. Wash alpaca in the same manner as cashmere, adding a little gum-arabic to the rinsing water. If the black goods are of a rusty color restore them by sponging with ammonia and alcohol. Always use a piece of the same material or one near to it to sponge with.—'Ladies Home Journal.'

RUMFORD KITCHEN MOTTOES.

During the World's Fair visitors at the Rumford Kitchen often were seen copying the mottoes which hung upon the walls. Since that time many calls have come from all parts of the country for these quotations, and Mrs. Richards has furnished them to the 'American Kitchen Magazine' that thus they may be in convenient form to send to inquirers and perhaps reach others who may find them useful in arousing interest in better foods.

Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not ?—Isa. lv., 2.

Preserve and treat food as you would your body, remembering that in time food will be your body.—B. W. Richardson.

The palate is the janitor, and unless he be conciliated, the most nutritious food will find no welcome.

There are three companions with whom you should keep on good terms —your wife, your stomach and your conscience.

Myriads of our fellow creatures have perished because those around them did not know how to feed them. —Fothergill.

Prayer and provender delays no man's journey.

The seat of courage is the stomach.

The fate of nations depends on how they are fed.

Plain food is quite enough for me. —Oliver Wendell Holmes.

A man is what he eats.

It is an irritating, nay more, a deeply saddening problem for a wise dyspeptic to ponder, the superabundance in this little world of ours of things cookable, and the extreme rarity of cooks.—Maarten Maartens.

There is no pain like the pain of a new idea.—Bagehot.

The time indeed is at hand when systematic lectures on food will be part of medical education, when the value of feeding in disease is admitted to be as important as the administration of medicines.—Fothergill.

The scientific aspect of food must be united in the bonds of holy matrimony with a practical knowledge of the cook's art, before a man can discourse learnedly of food.—Fothergill.

Pain is the prayer of a nerve for healthy blood.—Romberg.

Courage, cheerfulness and a desire to work depends mostly on good nutrition.—Moleschott.

The stomach is a good servant ; let his hours of repose be unbroken.

Keep as near as ever you can to the first sources of supply—fruits and vegetables.—B. W. Richardson.

Nothing surely is so disgraceful to society and individuals as unmeaning wastefulness.—Rumford.

An hour of exercise to a pound of food.—Felix Oswald.

BOYS ON THE FARM.

Every boy that lives on a farm—and every girl, too, for that matter—should have the use of a piece of ground. It need be only a small, out-of-the-way corner at first, a place for the child to dig and make plans ; increasing gradually to the acre of corn or potatoes or turnips, or whatever it may be, as the child grows older. There are few farms that could not easily spare it, and few children to whom it would not be a benefit. Books and magazines and games are good, but they are for the mind and the leisure hours, and while they may keep the children at home, they can scarcely foster a taste for farming without something to supplement them. A child early learns the meaning of possession, and a few square rods of his own will be more to him than the broad acres of his father. Many a boy has grown to manhood on the farm, and left it at the earliest possible moment after he came of age. He has been made a mere machine—a laborer without a laborer's wages.

Every child has a love for the country, a love for digging and planting ; but every child has an imagination also, and if it is stinted and kept fallow at home, it will most surely seek to develop itself elsewhere. I wish every father could look into the busy workshop of his child's mind, and understand the longings and hopes and disappointments there ; ay, and the plans as carefully made and relatively important as his own. If the child could be oftener treated as a sentient, responsible being there would be fewer disappointments. I doubt if there was ever a father who did not wish his son to grow up with a love for his own calling, and a desire to remain on the farm. Yet he sends him to school, and perhaps to college, but at home treats him as an irresponsible machine. Let his manliness be brought out instead of suppressed. Let the father talk to the boy and the boy to the father, as man to man. If the boy is to be a farmer let him begin his calling early and grow up with it. Furnish him with a small piece of land, and let him cultivate it with no other restraint or advice than he may seek himself. Trust him to discover the best methods and the best market. The profits may be insignificant, but they are his, and they mean as much to him as do the earnings of the largest farm in the country to its owner. And more than all, he is obtaining a practical interest in farming, and year by year it will strengthen and broaden, and by the time he is of age he will not only be a farmer physically, but in heart and brain also.—Frank H. Sweet, in N. Y. 'Observer.'

FOR SMOKING LAMPS.

When your lamps smoke remove the wicks from the burners and boil the burners for half a day in a solution of half a teacupful of baking soda to a quart of water ; as the water boils down add more clear water. Use an old kettle, as it will injure a good one. After boiling at least four hours rinse thoroughly in clear warm water, dry perfectly, put in new wicks, and your lamps will burn clear and bright. Never throw away the burners unless they are broken. This treatment cleans out all the tubes and makes them like new. Lamps treated this way once a month will never explode.

TESTED RECIPES.

Corn Griddle Cakes.—Take the materials for muffins above, with the addition of a tablespoonful of wheat flour and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Add the sugar and salt to the meal, scald with the boiling water, add the cold milk and the flour, having first stirred in the egg, beat the whole well together and bake in small cakes on the griddle.

A New England Dish.—One very large fowl, or two medium-sized, should be cut as for a fricassee, and put into a large boiler with eight quarts of water. More than one-third of this may boil away, but there ought to be at least five quarts of the stew when cooked. Boil three hours, then remove the bones, and just before serving return the meat. Add now bits of celery, both stalk and leaves, pepper, salt, three sliced onions, one small turnip sliced, and a sliced carrot, one-quarter pound of pork cut in small cubes, and one quart of sliced potatoes. Let the vegetables boil ten minutes, then cover the whole top with small balls of biscuit dough, the size of an egg. Serve the dumplings (where no waitress) on a hot platter, and the remainder in a soup tureen. Flattish soup plates are best to serve this on, giving with each portion of the solids a teacupful of the broth. A cheap knuckle of veal, the mutton bones left from yesterday's roast, a joint of fresh pork, or of beef, all are very toothsome and palatable when rehashed in a stew like the above. The remains of a roast turkey used thus are then fit to set before a king. The 'biscuit dough' is never of yeast, but that made from baking powder or sour milk.

AFTER THE CHINESE WAR.

The Rev. J. H. DeForest, D.D., of Sendai, Japan, one of the missionaries of the American Board, gives in a recent number of the 'Golden Rule' the following sketch, which will be read with much interest by all missionary workers:

Most people, he says, doubtless think that in the late war the Japanese had their hardest fights in capturing the strongholds at the entrance of Pechili Bay, Port Arthur,

A JAPANESE CHRISTIAN PHYSICIAN.

and the Wei-hai-wei forts. But the conquest of little Formosa and those diminutive Pescadore Islands probably cost much more in loss of life than the campaign in China. If you could stand on the castle walls that overlook Sendai you would see below you some twenty long barracks in which are two thousand sick soldiers. Among the city buildings farther off you would see the large military hospital, and still farther beyond a long row of Buddhist temples now used as hospitals. More than three thousand sick and wounded soldiers have been sent to this northern city, and how many thousands are in the more convenient southern hospital centres I do not know. In the nine months of the China campaign all that died from wounds and disease did not number fifteen hundred. But shiploads of sick have come back from Formosa, and the cholera played deadly havoc with the soldiers in the Pescadores. One of the army surgeons told me that sixty or seventy percent of the cholera patients died there.

The way in which I happened to meet this physician is exceptionally interesting. I had seen in Tokyo a photograph of a rare group—some Christian Japanese officers and a few Christian Chinese taken together in the Pescadores. The next day, when I was riding in the cars, a Japanese officer sat next to me, and in the course of a casual conversation it turned out, to my delight, that he was one of that very group. I eagerly asked for the story of how those Japanese discovered the Christians in the Pescadores.

'It was after two or three hard fights,' he said, 'and we had won the city. As I was walking through one of the streets I saw over the door of a house these Chinese characters: Rei, Hai Do, 'Hall of Worship.' It occurred to me to inquire what they worshipped there, and so I called out the Chinese in charge. Of course we could not understand each other's talk, and so I wrote my question in Chinese (as all educated Japanese can readily do), and he replied in the same way that it was a hall for worshipping the true God and Christ. Then I wrote that I, too, was a believer, at which he was very much astonished and pleased, and he at once wrote all about the chapel and the thirty or more Christians, about half of whom had left the city during the battles.

'I saw a horse in the chapel, and found that one of our officers had quartered his horse on this house, as was done everywhere in the town. So I got other Christians to join me in a petition that this "hall of worship" be exempted from desecration. Our petition was granted at once, and an official order was posted on the door forbidding any Japanese from interfering in any way with the house. Then we cleaned the place, and began regular meetings together, which we kept up while we remained there. We prayed each in his own tongue, and then wrote our thoughts and passed them around. The Chinese were greatly delighted, and joined in with no hesitation.'

It is the old, old story of Jesus and His love, touching the hearts of people in opposite camps. I will not venture to give the name of this surgeon, who has since been ordered to work in Sendai, whom I have had the pleasure of entertaining at my house; but his picture speaks for itself.

One of the boys that had been a student in our Sendai school became a Christian, and entered the army as a member of the Imperial Guards in Tokyo, where he often brought soldiers to the Young Men's Christian Association hall there. On being ordered to Formosa, he wrote me in his best English:—

'You may probably know that a war has been waged since the summer of the last year between China and Japan, and that every battle fought was always won by Japan. I have been enlisted in the army those several years. Now the time has come when I should cheerfully give up myself for the sake of my dear country, to which I owe much indebtedness and obligation. Please accept my hearty thanks to you, for the very motive that urged me to follow the army to the battle with such determination is essentially the result of your right guidance and good instruction when I was in Sendai.

'Amid the thunder of cannon, rain of shot, I will march undaunted to the battle; and it is not long before we shall crush the castle of Peking, and see the bloated China slink to the minimum. Thus the peace of the East will successfully be restored. I learnt from Christianity about death, and from the doctrine of our country about loyalty and filial piety.

'How I wish in main to see my dear teacher and his family, to say them good-bye before I march to the field! Even after the army will return in triumph I have not the least expectation of seeing you again, for I have already given up myself to my beloved country in its critical moment.

'May your family be prosperous and shine forever with the stars of your

A JAPANESE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

country under the guidance of our great Father in heaven. Please excuse me my impoliteness for this letter.'

This soldier did better than he expected in his campaign. He lived through several fights without a scratch, and through the far more dangerous diseases, and came back with promotion and a reward of fifty en. Here is his photograph, taken on the day of the downfall of Wei-hai-wei, to commemorate the capture of the last great stronghold of China.

As the prejudice against Christianity has been very strong, it has for years been very difficult to get anything of 'the Jesus way' into the Sendai garrison. When the thousand sick soldiers came there, it was impossible for the missionaries to do anything for them. New Year's gifts of cakes and oranges were at last permitted. Gradually such books as 'The Life of Lincoln' were received. Last week came a complete library, and some of us missionaries were allowed to distribute in person the Gospel of Luke through all the hospitals save the one for contagious diseases. Stereopticon views in which Bible scenes were mingled with European and American pictures were then permitted, and the German Reformed and Baptist missions are doing fine work in that line. At first, very little was said about Christ. 'Tell us more about religion next time,' said one of the officers as the missionary went away.

Thus we see one of the wide-open doors, one of the great opportunities for sowing the seed in the soil God Himself has so richly prepared. If the churches of Japan were not weakened by long and bitter opposition, and by heavy losses in church-membership and in simple Christian faith, but were ready with joy and hope, who can tell what the speedy results might be?

WOULDN'T DRINK PUNCH.

We have advanced in one way, at any rate. Nobody argues with or 'chaffs' the young man—and there are a great many of them—who says:

'No, thank you. I never drink wine or spirits.'

I confess to feeling a little glow of pride and approbation rise within me when I hear this, and I want to shake hands with that young man. They tell me that where six fellows 'line up' at a bar these days it is no uncommon thing for three of them to take ginger ale or vichy, and nobody says a word either.

At a reception not long ago a handsome young man stood in the marble hall and ladled out lemonade and claret punch to a contingent of pretty women who appeared to dote upon him.

One of them said:

'But, Mr. Morris, ain't you going to have some punch?'

'I'll drink lemonade.'

'Oh, pshaw! Drink a glass of claret punch with me.'

'Thank you, no.'

She was the prettiest girl in the house and the richest.

Her eyes flashed and she said coaxingly:

'As a personal and especial favor to me, please do. I'll give you every dance you want if you will.'

The young fellow reddened and then turned pale.

'Thank you very much,' he said, 'but I couldn't do it.'

And then from all those other women went up a round of applause, and the tempter swept into the next room in a blaze of indignation.—Polly Pry in New York 'Recorder.'

DR. HAMLIN'S CONVERSION.

In answer to the question, 'How I became a Christian?' the Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D.D., for more than thirty years a missionary in Turkey, tells the story of his conversion in the 'Golden Rule.' The story has a lesson in it for pastors and teachers.

Just as I entered upon my seventeenth year I became an apprentice to Mr. Charles Farley in the jeweller's and silversmith's trade in the city of Portland. There I came under the power of the preaching of Dr. Payson. His personal thoughtfulness and care for me took possession of my very soul. I attended his Bible-class on Sunday afternoons with increasing interest. The room was always packed, and many went away unable even to enter. On this account he gave notice from the pulpit that he wished all his church-members to refrain from attending, as the exercise was especially intended for others and not for them. I thought it not fair for me to attend and crowd out others. Dr. Payson noticed my absence, and one of his church-members came on Monday morning to ask the reason, and to say that Dr. Payson wished to see me in my place again. That Dr. Payson should think of me individually affected me far more than any sermon. The next Sabbath I was in my place, and his eye rested on me with a look never to be forgotten. It is the individual seeking of the lost sheep that rescues it.

My experience following the resolve that I made to be a disciple of Christ and to do His will had nothing remarkable or to myself satisfactory. I looked for something supernatural and exalted in the hope and joy of pardoned sin and in the assurance of salvation. I was slow in coming to the conviction that my firm resolve to live for Christ and His cause was a 'change of heart' wrought by the Spirit of God. I had changed entirely my purposes of life, and with this conviction and resolve I entered the church on April 6, 1828.

The Master has been faithful to His weak disciple, and has sustained his in many dangers, trials and afflictions, and has made him more than conqueror over many foes. Having obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, having completed my eighty-fifth year, desiring no other service for time or eternity.

SNAP SHOTS.

The man who begins by drinking some time may end by having to drink all the time.

Better stay in bed all day than get up early in the morning to drink.

Wine opens the damper to let all the fires of evil in a man burn.

There is no sin that a man inflamed with wine may not commit.

When a man gets up early in the morning to drink he is apt to spend the day in doing nothing else.

Whoever forms the drink habit gives the devil a mortgage on his sleep.

The sparkle in the wine is made by one of the devil's sharpest teeth.

A brewer's horse fares better than a drunkard's child.

Appetite for drink is the devil's iron chain on the drunkard's neck.

If angels know what the saloons are doing it must puzzle them to understand why God holds the judgment back.

Many a man puts his family in the dark to help the saloon pay its gas bill.

Every moderate drinker is leading an army of boys towards the pit.

The easiest time to let drink alone is before the first drink is taken.

Bridget starts her fire with coal oil. The devil uses alcohol.

If there is joy in heaven when a sinner repents, what happens when a boy goes into a saloon?

If you would teach children to hate drink give them the first lesson before they leave the cradle.

The first glass has the most poison in it.

A drunkard's throat has no bottom to it.

When the devil would run his claws clear through a man and clinch them on the other side he makes him believe that moderate drinking won't hurt him.

The devil agrees with the man who claims he can drink or let it alone.—'Ram's Horn.'

NORTH JANE'S MONUMENT.

(Concluded.)

Mary Sea did not go directly to Rachel Snow as she was bidden. In the wildness of her grief she was unaccountable for her actions. Round and big and bare was the heap of earth beside which the orphan child sank down, crying miserably, 'O North Jane, North Jane, you was so good, I wish you had a stone instead of me!'

On this same evening the blacksmith's three-year-old son sat industricusly making mud-pies in the middle of the road. He was sitting there when Mary came speeding up the hill like a wild thing. Down the Dulcet hill was speeding another wild thing, a frightened young horse with an upturned waggon rattling behind him.

'Benny, get out the road!' screamed Mary Sea, but Benny kept on with his pies.

Then the man, running after the horse, saw a child rush across the road and seize the child sitting in the dirt. For an instant he lost sight of the two.

Then there arose on the air the sound of terrified boohooing, and the man knew that one child had been pushed from under the heels of the horse, and that the other child, who was Mary Sea, lay in the road, run over by horse and waggon. And after all this wickedness the horse stood still on the Dulcet hill.

The man who carried Mary into the house of Rachel Snow said, in answer to the doctor's question, 'I'm Jacob Halstead; I hail from Sugar-Loaf,' and he had given instructions that he would pay for the care of the child, and that she should have a nurse if necessary.

But Jacob Halstead did not know what child it was. Long ago he and North Jane had quarrelled. He was altogether a stranger in Dulcet; he had startled the old doctor when he gave his name.

Rachel Snow ushered the man from Sugar-Loaf into the little room occupied by Mary Sea, understanding that he did not know of the child's adoption by North Jane. She shook up the pillows and left the visitor with the little girl. By-and-by Mary rose up in bed.

'Why, who's this sitting up big as life?' inquired the rich man, cheerily.

'I'm North Jane's monument,' answered the little girl.

'I didn't know whether to laugh or cry, I was so taken aback,' said Jacob Halstead afterward to his wife. But as a matter of fact he neither laughed nor cried; he just looked earnestly at Mary Sea.

'Didn't you know?' questioned the child.

'Never heard a word of it till this minute. You must tell me about it. I'm Jacob Halstead from Sugar-Loaf, little girl.'

The little girl looked earnestly and confidingly at her visitor.

'Well, you see,' she said, 'I didn't know either till the blacksmith got the deacon to explain. The blacksmith said he knew I didn't know.'

'Didn't know what?' cried Jacob Halstead.

'That I really was North Jane's monument. But I won't ever take off my shoes and stockings any more. I won't climb any more trees, and if I don't run across the log I can't fall in the creek. I give scandal up yonder to the school!'

She had moved a little closer to him; she spoke the last words with a sob, and the rich man from Sugar-Loaf left his chair, and sitting on the edge of the bed, put his arm about her.

'She wouldn't have it that way,' he said, gently.

'She wanted a beautiful white tomb,' returned the child. 'It was to cost twelve hundred dollars; but she took me instead. John Mills said he knew I didn't know. I'm never going to tear even a little bit of a hole in my apron.'

'My stars! You won't relish that kind of life!' said Mary's visitor. 'Wouldn't you rather go romping over a farm, help drive the cows to pasture, feed the chickens and holler for the dogs?'

The child shook her head. 'North Jane's got to have something,' she murmured, sadly. 'She made a terrible mistake!'

But Jacob Halstead seemed to think it was the town authorities who had made the terrible mistake. He called them together one Wednesday morning, and on Wednesday afternoon his wife came rushing into Mary Sea's sick-room.

'Another Halstead woman wanting to adopt a child,' said Jacob, laughing softly.

After that embrace Mary Sea turned away. She had made up her mind to live on here with Rachel Snow, for Rachel believed in her repentance, and now—why, she wanted to go romping over the farm, to drive cows to pasture, to 'holler for the dogs.'

And, indeed, it almost seemed as if this other Halstead woman owned her. Mary Sea was wrapped in a warm shawl, carried down the steps and put in a buggy next to Mrs. Halstead. Rachel Snow kissed her as if she were saying goodbye, and Jacob Halstead got into the buggy, too, and took the reins.

They drove carefully along the village street, turned to the right and passed through the bars into the Dulcet graveyard. Mrs. Halstead's arm was very close about Mary Sea.

'Take us as far as the buggy'll go,' ordered the good woman.

Jacob Halstead got out and led the horse. It was a very trustworthy horse, and it paused with its forefeet six inches from a grassy mound above which, rising almost to the sky, as it appeared to weak little Mary Sea, was a gleaming marble shaft.

'That's North Jane's monument, little girl,' said Jacob Halstead. With wondering eyes, Mary saw that he was standing by it with his hat in his hand.

'The people will see it clean from the hill—didn't you say, Betty?' he asked of his wife.

'North Jane was a good woman,' said the wife, gently. 'If she made some mistakes she lived long enough to sorrow for 'em. See, Mary, that is North Jane's monument.'

The child was leaning forward in the buggy. Slowly she read the name upon the stone.

'North Jane's monument,' she repeated. 'Then, then she won't want me?'

'No, honey,' said Mrs. Halstead, 'we want you.'

'O North Jane, I'm so glad!' cried the child. 'I was so afraid I couldn't do it.'

'Well, I never heard the like,' exclaimed Mrs. Halstead. 'Jacob, get us away. These Dulcet folks are simple,' she added, energetically.

The buggy was watched from more than one dwelling as the horse pulled it over the hills and away out of sight.

'Yes, 'sylum children are always spoiled,' said the simple folks of Dulcet.—Louise R. Baker, in 'Youth's Companion.'

'LITTLE GIRL, LISTEN TO ME.'

JOHN ADAMS'S SILVER WEDDING.

(By Edith S. Davis.)

Great piles of snow covered the fences and loaded down the trees and stood knee-deep on the level ground. The mercury had reached ten degrees below zero. Long icicles hung down from the scalloped edges of the old-fashioned porch, the sleighbells tinkled frostily and everything outside suggested winter. But inside the farmhouse of old John Adams there was mirth and song and laughter. The big, comfortable dining-room had been packed to its utmost three times, and now the merry party had assembled in the great, handsome, old-fashioned parlors. Old and young were there, sons and grandsons, and neighbors for miles around.

They had come in response to an invitation sent them to attend the silver wedding of old John Adams. They didn't one of them understand what it meant, for they well remembered the grand good time they had at his silver wedding some ten years before. Over and over again had he been asked why he kept the anniversary a second time, but to each and all was the same reply, 'After supper you shall know all about it.' And now they were wild with excitement to hear the story, for they knew that John Adams always had a reason for everything.

He sat now in his big armchair and in a low rocking-chair by his side was Sarah Adams, his faithful, loving wife. Her slender hand was clasped in both of his, and occasionally one of his hands would slip away and smooth her white hair that lay in coils in her neck. Everybody knew how these old people loved each other, and many a young man and woman had gone home from the old farmhouse feeling a more earnest desire in their hearts to be true to each other even as were John and Sarah Adams.

Curled upon a sofa near him was his little grandson John, and clustered all around were sons and grandsons and neighbors and friends. The room was perfectly quiet, however, when the old man began his story.

'Yes, boys and girls, it was just twenty-five years ago; it dont' seem possible, but it was, and twenty-five years ago yesterday was just such a day as this is. You wonder why I remember it, don't you? But I can see in memory the piles of snow and the great big icicles, and can almost breathe the frosty air. Little John and I were going to town that day. Not you, Johnnie,' said the old man, patting his grandson on the head, 'no, not you, but our boy John. He was just nine years old. Ah, me! I can see him now, with his warm overcoat and big cap and his scarf that mother tied so tightly over his ears. And then he drew on his big fur mittens that she had made out of a bear skin, mittens that were just like mine and the pride of his heart. And then he threw his arms around his mother's neck and gave her a big hug and kiss.' (The old man's hand trembled now as it rested on his wife's bowed head.) 'Then he said, "Come on, papa, I'm all ready."'

'But mother had a few words yet to say to him. I didn't hear all she said, but I caught the words, "Be sure you take good care of him." Angrily I turned around and said, "Sarah, aren't you ashamed of yourself, asking that boy to take care of me?" A flush of pain and sorrow overspread her face, but she never said a word, and without even bidding her goodbye we got into the sleigh and away we went.

'I was taking a big load of grain to market, and I well knew what Sarah feared, for in Knowlton was the same old saloon that is there today, only twenty-five years ago it was kept by Sam Price. I knew even then what a curse the old thing was, but get by it I could not, and many a time the old horses had to find their way home because they knew more than their driver. Well, that day I just made up my mind that I'd never drink a drop and show Sarah that she needn't ask a little nine-year-old chap to take care of a strong man like me, his own father, too.

'Well, I'd sold my grain and pocketed the money, and Johnnie and I were going for the horses when we met Jim Brown, who used to live on the Hill place.

'"Hello, John!" said he, "come on and take a drink."

'"Thank you, Jim," said I, "but I'm in a hurry; we'll have to get home."

'"Pshaw," said he, "you'll have to go right by Sam's, and it won't take more'n a minute."

'I hesitated. John pulled my sleeve, "Come, papa," he said, "let's hurry home, it's getting late." There was a little anxious quiver in his voice, and it made me mad. Sure enough he was trying to take care of me, and wasn't I old enough to take a drink and be none the worse for it, and stop, too, when I'd had enough? My pride got the better of my reason and I said, "All right, Jim, I'll stop for a glass."

'"Oh, papa, don't, please don't," said Johnnie. Angrily I struck him on the head. "Stop your noise, I'll do as I please, I guess."

'Into the saloon we went, my conscience making me mighty uncomfortable. Johnnie never said another word, but stood by the stove looking at me with his big, pleading eyes. I set the glass down twice before I tasted it. I really felt as if I couldn't swallow a drop.

'"Why, John, what's the matter with you?" said Sam Price; "never knew you to grow sick over a glass of brandy before. Growin' faint-hearted? Take a little to warm and liven ye up." I raised the glass and drank the contents; the blood went like fire through my veins. "Here, give me another, Bill; it'll keep me warm on the road." I drank another glassful. My boy's face began to swim, but I could still feel the two big, pleading eyes fixed upon my face. Glass after glass followed, and I knew no more.'

John Adams stopped. Great drops of perspiration stood on his forehead. Every one there knew they were caused by an agony too deep for words.

'Oh, friends, how can I tell you the rest! When I came to myself I was at home and a bright fire was burning on the hearth. The kettle was singing in the kitchen, but it seemed

A TIGHT FIT—From a Painting by A. J. Elsley.

so still. I listened, and could hear a low sobbing from the next room. I arose and crept to the door. There on the big lounge was my boy, and kneeling by him was his mother, and bending over him was old Dr. Moore. I was too frightened to speak, but I heard distinctly every word that was said.

'"Is there no hope, doctor?" It was my wife's voice; oh, how I listened to catch the answer. It came at last—"I can do nothing more. He is in God's hands." Just then Johnny opened his eyes. "Mamma, oh, mamma," he cried, "I did try to take care of him, but it was so cold, so awful cold, and the sleet blinded me. I just knew he'd freeze lying there so white and still; and so I took off my overcoat and spread that over him with the blankets, but oh, it was so cold, and the wind blew right through me, and it seemed as if we'd never get home, but I held on to the horses, and oh, mamma, I'm so glad we're here at last."

'The voice stopped. I never stirred. The doctor put his hands on my boy's heart; it was still beating. His mother cried out in a perfect agony of grief, "Oh, Johnnie, darling, speak to mamma!" A great wave of joy came over the little face that had been so full of pain. "Oh, mamma, it's all so light, so warm, so beautiful, and Jesus is here. Papa, papa, papa—" Not another word—he was dead.'

The old man's voice broke down, and sobs were heard all over the room. Little Johnnie crept into his lap and put his arm around his neck and kissed him, saying softly, 'Poor grandpa, poor grandpa.'

John Adams at last began again: 'I can't tell you all about it, just how my boy gave his fresh young life, every bit of it, to save his miserable, drunken father; but this I must tell you. Twenty-five years ago to-day I knelt by my boy's dead body and signed the pledge. A silver wedding to-day? Yes, friends, twenty-five years ago to-day I gave my heart and my hand to the temperance cause, and I've been kept, kept safe.

'But children and friends and neighbors, I asked you to come to-day because I saw there were some of you standing just where I stood twenty-five years ago, drinking an occasional glass, thinking you're strong enough to do it without any harm—too proud, some of you, to be persuaded to stop altogether, too proud to sign the pledge. But I want to ask you, in my boy's name, to sign the pledge to-night. My boy's life isn't the only life that has been sacrificed. The world is filled with sorrows even greater than mine. Strong drink is an accursed thing; the liquor traffic is an accursed traffic, and its shadow is over all of our lives. The shadows deepen as the years go by, and it will be utter darkness unless we emerge from the shadow into the light of God. Oh, friends, let this anniversary be the beginning of a stronger, truer life to every one of you, and then unitedly we may work for the redemption of the world.'—'Union Signal.'

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

(By L. Dougall, author of 'Beggars All,' etc., in 'City Sparrows.')

(Concluded.)

When we could climb to the pond, all the snow was gone and the ground was dry. It was time then to go further to the place of graves where lay our dead. They were in a sense ours, those people who lay under the tombs that we knew so well—little people and big, you could tell which by the size of the grave; brothers, sisters, grandparents. What were they now? In what sense were they here? Did they sit on the stones unseen by us, and see us when we two came to look solemnly at them? The fairy who always told us something about frogs and birds and flowers—strange tales the fairy told—had no word to say here—she was dumb. We too were dumb, except that once Willie said that he thought a 'soul' was something like his mother's silk parasol when the sun shone on it, and I was quite sure that it was like a spiral of gold wire with thistledown inside. But the people who sat upon the graves were not like this; they were like real people, but light as air, so that even if you could see them, you could put your hand through them as through a sunbeam full of dancing motes. Our dead were not shades to us; they were shining lights.

When the trees came into full leaf the brook that ran out of the pond had ceased to roar and plunge, and all its banks were dry. Then for many a long summer day there was sailing of boats in a deep pool that it made where it tarried a while under a rock not far from home. Here, too, the fairy had a dwelling, and mingled with the fairy's lore of natural things was all the other lore which had found its way into our little curly pates. This pool we called the Sea of Argo; Jason set sail upon it to seek the golden fleece. Behind it lay the Hill Difficulty and the Valley of Humiliation. The rocks at the mouth of this deep green pool were expected to dash together and crush any boat that escaped there; they were called Scylla and Charybdis, but we sometimes got confused and call them Priscilla and Aquila; we always thought that they had something to do with St. Paul. Ur of the Chaldees was a meadow through which the stream passed. One day Willie jumped upon a stone in the middle of the stream; it was a daring leap, but he could not return. The one yellow curl upon the top of his head looked very forlorn, and there were almost tears in his blue eyes. We both said our prayers, and he got off safely. Another time it was the fairy who performed a miracle for us: Willie put his leg up to the knee in the water, and yet it was not wet. I cannot explain this, but I remember it clearly.

When the stream ran almost dry, and August had come, we went back to the big old garden and climbed about, day after day, in the old apple trees. None so high that we could not climb them. We could swing with our hands from the high branches; it was a feat to drop to the ground, but quite easy to swing yourself up again by climbing the branch with both feet. The apples ripened one by one at first, then by hundreds. How many apples can you eat when you are not yet four feet high? No one else counted how many we ate, and I think our scanty arithmetic could not have added up so many times, 'one and one;' yet I am sure we were not ill, or we could not have climbed like monkeys and played our gay games of imagination all day long.

It was after that the leaves of the maple forest on the mountain turned red and yellow. We used to be taken up the hill to see the sunset upon the gorgeous woodland. That was a great sight. Have you seen beds of tulips, red and yellow, pink and brown? If you can think of great trees with all their leaves the color of tulips, and the sun shining upon them, if you can think of the hills and plain of a big island clothed with such trees, and of a river lying round the island like a broad blue sea, then you may fancy you know what we saw when our elders took us up the hill to see the sunset light upon the pageant of autumn leaves.

The bright leaves soon fell, making a brown rustling carpet everywhere, and then the snow came, effacing all paths and covering the fairy's hole, the stream and the tombs.

A little boy and girl may not play alone upon that hill now. It has been sold for money, and turned into what they called a 'park.' They have blasted the rock where the fairy lived to make a carriage road, and turned the stream into drinking troughs and fountains. The people who go there drive in fine coaches, and some of them try who can have the finest coach and wear the best clothes.

The place of graves only is left unmolested, and Willie lies there.

As for me, I know that somewhere in the great storehouse where God keeps the real things, He has stored away the hill as it used to be in its wilderness of flowering weeds, and the wandering thoughts of the little boy and girl, and the prayers we used to pray when we were in trouble, and the fairy.

SCIENTIFIC TEMPERANCE.

A SERIES OF LESSONS FOR BANDS OF HOPE, ETC.

(By Mrs. Howard Ingham.)

LESSON XXXVII.—The Pledge.

1. What have you learned about alcohol, tobacco and opium?

That they are all poisons, and always poisons, and that the only safe way is to let them entirely alone.

2. What would be a good thing to do in regard to these things?

To sign a promise that we will not use them.

3. What do you call such a promise?

We call it the total abstinence pledge.

4. Why should we sign such a pledge?

For our own sake, for others' sake, and for the Lord Jesus's sake.

5. Why for our own sake?

Because total abstinence is right, and because the pledge makes us stronger to abstain.

6. Why for others' sake?

Because we may by our example help some one else to total abstinence, and it is always our duty to help others to do right.

7. Why for Jesus's sake?

Because He has bidden us to keep ourselves pure and to help others.

8. What does the Bible say about keeping ourselves pure?

That the body is God's temple, and him who defiles this temple God will destroy.

9. What did Jesus say about helping others?

'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me.'

10. What shall we pledge ourselves not to use?

First, anything that contains alcohol.

11. Does that mean beer and cider?

Yes. Both of them, and wine, contain alcohol and cannot safely be used.

12. What else shall we not use?

Tobacco, which is a most filthy and injurious thing.

13. What other evil habit are boys and girls tempted to form?

The habit of profane or indecent language or indecent acts.

14. What does God say about profanity?

'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.'

15. What does Jesus say about being pure?

'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.'

16. What does this mean?

It means that we must not say a bad word, think a bad thought, or do an impure deed.

17. How can we avoid doing these things?

By keeping our thoughts full of what is sweet and clean. Weeds and flowers can never grow in the same place at the same time.

18. What is the triple pledge?

A promise not to use alcohol, tobacco nor profane or bad words or deeds.

HINTS TO TEACHERS.

This lesson should be taught very carefully, impressing the solemn importance of the pledge. Try to present as strongly as possible total abstinence as God's plan and every child's duty. And at the close, after a brief, earnest prayer, which the children should repeat, sentence by sentence, after their teacher, the pledge may be taken. It should be recognized as a solemn promise given to God Himself. Each child should have his pledge card to carry always in his pocket; but the names and addresses of all should be carefully taken in a special book, ready for reference at all times, that the children may be visited and guarded in all love, for Christ's sake.

'WANT TO SHEE WHEELS GO WOUND.'

DON'T USE TOBACCO!

(By O. A. Orton, M.D.)

Tobacco may be used to destroy lice, but larkspur is better. It may be used to drive away moths, but camphor is better. It may be used as an emetic, but mustard is better. It may be used to drive away mosquitoes, but pennyroyal is better. It may be used to make the breath offensive, but onions (though not so rankly offensive) are better. It is not the best thing, or the cheapest thing, for any good purpose whatever. In medicine it has practically ceased to be used. It cannot be used as a rat poison, simply because rats will not eat it. It is sufficiently poisonous, but it is not pleasant to the taste of any vertebrate, except to the depraved taste of some human beings.

The power of tobacco to overcome the human will is well shown by the fact that so many medical men, who know the dangers and the offensiveness which arise from its use, become addicted to the tobacco habit.

Chemically, tobacco contains nicotine, a colorless, oily, volatile alkaloid, which is so poisonous that one-seventh part of a grain will cause intense depression and nausea, followed by collapse. It also contains pyridine, picoline, collidine, lutidine and prussic acid. How is that for a combination of poisons?

When I was a boy eight years old I had my first experience with tobacco poison. While playing with a jack-knife cutting ice, the blade closed upon my hand, making a deep cut, which bled freely. A schoolmate went with me to a neighboring house, where a woman tended me. She was about to apply a bandage when her husband suggested that a quid would stop the bleeding. The application produced within two minutes great depression and vomiting. My frightened companion removed the quid, and I was given a stimulant to counteract the effect.

In great measure alcoholic stimulants antagonize the effect of tobacco. While one exhilarates, the other depresses. Persons who become accustomed to the use of both increase the amounts used of both, without getting satisfying effect from either one. The more a drunkard smokes, so much the more he craves drink; vice versa, the more a smoker drinks, so much more he craves tobacco.

It may be commonly noticed that the appetite of the smoker for drink is insatiable; on the other hand, the desire of the drinker to smoke is never satisfied. So the victim goes on and on. He smokes and drinks, smokes and drinks, and smokes and drinks. The smoke causes desire for drink, and the drink makes him want to smoke. He is in a self-acting treadmill.

Young man, if you are learning the use of tobacco, what a prospect you have before you! what a prospect your future wife has before her! It is full time for you to begin to pity her. A large part of your wages will go for tobacco. In return, what will you get? What will she get? You will surely get some loss of power to resist the impulses to smoke and to drink. Your wife will get the companionship of a person whose breath will be vile, a husband whose purse will be depleted, a man who will not wish to have his boys follow his example.

Nothing could be more appropriate than the wooden Indians which are used as signs by tobacco stores. In the features of each of them, unwritten, you may read these words: 'At this place men turn to the debauching customs of the savages. This monument is dedicated to their folly.'

Perhaps, young man, you do not intend to form the tobacco habit, but only mean to have an occasional quid or cigar with the boys. Nearly every one that has formed the tobacco habit began in this way. Occasional indulgence became habit before he was aware.

If there were no other reasons than the pollution of the breath and mouth which comes from the use of tobacco, that ought to be sufficient to determine any person to vow that he will let it alone.

What offensive breath the use of tobacco makes! It is said that some one wrote to Horace Greeley, while he was president of a farmers' club, and asked this question: 'Is guano good to put on potatoes? Mr. Greeley replied that 'it might do for persons whose tastes had become vitiated by the use of tobacco and liquor, but he preferred gravy.'

There are some women who assert that they like the odor of a good cigar. Did you ever know one of these women to take part or all of such a cigar, and burn it on a hot shovel, while she inhaled the smoke? Surely there could be no better way to get the odor. The shovel would be clean, cleansed in the fire. No saliva, no spitting to disturb or neutralize its sweetness. Until I know of an instance in which a woman creates for her pleasure the odor from a cigar in this clean and simple way, I shall not believe that she really likes it. When a woman says that she likes the odor of a good cigar, it seems as if it were a latter-day instance of 'that old serpent's' telling her what to say. If, on the other hand, she plainly says that tobacco smoke is disagreeable to her, she is more respected, even by a smoker.

There is good reason why a woman should be honest and truthful in this matter, and why she should demand that the men whom she allows to become her companions should abstain wholly from this vicious indulgence. The honest young woman should say to her lover: 'As tobacco is unfit for me to use, it is unfit for you. If you wish to be my husband, in simple justice to myself and to you, I demand that you shall not have this vice. If you have the tobacco habit, I will not marry you.' This is the kind of prohibition lecture that is most needed. The use of tobacco has too long been one of the poor rules that will not work both ways. It has too long been starting men upon the road to the liquor habit, and keeping them in that way. Tobacco is a dangerous, disgusting, misleading, expensive poison. Let it alone. Let it alone.

DON'T FRET.

Are your enemies at work?
Don't fret.
They can't injure you a whit;
If you heed them not a bit
They will soon be glad to quit
Don't fret.

Is adversity your lot?
Don't fret.
Fortune's wheel keeps turning round—
Every spoke shall touch the ground.
All in time shall upward bound.
Don't fret.

Has a horrid lie been told?
Don't fret.
It will run itself to death,
As the ancient adage saith,
And will die for want of breath.
Don't fret.

—Capt. Mason in the 'Ram's Horn.'

'MESSENGER' ARMENIAN FUND.

We give below three more of the letters which we have lately received in response to our appeal for the suffering Christians of Armenia :—

Dear Sir,—Please find enclosed an order of ten dollars for the 'Messenger' Armenian fund, being a collection taken from the Waskada Presbyterian mission field. Yours truly,

W. Akitt, Student Misionary.

Waskada, Man., April 18, 1896.

Dear Sirs,—Enclosed please find two dollars for the Armenian relief fund, and acknowledge to

Mascouche Rapids E. L. of C. E.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son, Montreal :—

Gentlemen,—A week ago yesterday, when distributing the 'Northern Messenger' in our Sabbath-school (First Presbyterian Church), we called attention to the articles on the Armenians, and also to your having started a 'Northern Messenger' Armenian fund. We also asked the school for a special collection on the following Sabbath as a contribution to that fund. It affords me much pleasure to enclose herewith a cheque for $34 as the result of yesterday's offering. We hope your appeal will meet with a most hearty and liberal response from all schools reached by your excellent paper. Sincerely yours,

G. W. Hodgetts, Supt.

St. Catharines, Ont., April 20, 1896.

WHO WILL SEND NEXT ?

OVER $200.00.

Over two hundred dollars has so far been sent to the the Armenian sufferers by subscribers of the 'Messenger' alone. This is splendid so far as it goes. There are still, we are sure, many more to hear from. Mr. Bogigian, the Armenian merchant, whose portrait we gave a few weeks ago, says : 'There is now more need of contributions than ever. The seed time has come, yet the people have no seed. Friends of his who when he visited them a year ago were wealthy, 'living like princes,' are now without a dollar. Seed must be sent if there is to be a harvest next fall. The Turks have cut down even all their fruit trees. No harvest next fall will mean extermination of the whole people.

THE FAMILY ACROSS THE WAY.

A TRUE SKETCH.

(By Annie A. Preston.)

'Good morning, sir,' said Farmer Barrett, overtaking upon the turnpike a gentlemanly-looking stranger. 'The ways are desperately muddy, and that satchel you are carrying looks as if it might be heavy. Would you like to ride ?'

'That depends upon which road you are to take when you reach the four corners, just over there ; but it will not be out of place for me to ask you if you want to buy a Bible.'

'Well, I don't quite know. I shouldn't wonder. I'm sure my wife would like to meet a man who is selling Bibles. Get right into my waggon here. If we do not need a Bible you will need a dinner, and if I take you out of your way I shall be harnessed up again towards night, when I go to fetch the children home from school, and I will bring you back here to this very spot if you say so.'

'I will try not to make any unreasonable demand upon you, my thoughtful friend, and being very tired of walking I will accept your invitation. May I ask why you allude to your wife as knowing better than you whether a Bible is needed at your house ?'

'Well, you see, wife is a Christian, but I make no profession ; and I heard her say something about buying a Bible for John's birthday, so I thought this might be her opportunity. As I always try to look out for the main chance, you can see it is quite in my line to take you along home with me.'

'And as I, too, dislike to lose an opportunity, it is quite in my line to go ; so we will trust that there may be a blessing ahead.'

'I hope so, I am sure ; but if you mean in the way of converting anybody, I don't see how that can be ; for wife is as good as anyone could possibly be and live in this world, and so long as she has never converted me I must be past help ; and the children are all at school in the daytime—six of them, anywhere between six and sixteen, and two of them twins. But I never have believed in anyone's being converted until he was grown up and settled down. But here we are ; wife will talk Bible and missions and religion generally with you. I don't pretend to be up in them things myself.'

Jumping down from the roomy two-seated waggon the farmer opened the kitchen door, ushered the stranger in, and introduced him to his wife as a hungry fellow he had picked up and brought home to dinner.

'You can tell her your business in your own way,' he chuckled as he went out to put up the horses, and he chuckled again a half-hour later when he returned to find the sitting-room table loaded with the contents of the stranger's satchel, while the two were talking of Christian work with the sympathy that only a common interest can give.

Presently Mrs. Barrett went out to see after the dinner, and the stranger, looking out of the window, said to his host :

I hope your neighbors across the way are congenial.'

'They are not,' said the farmer. 'We never have anything to do with them. I'd buy their farm for the sake of getting rid of them if they'd sell it, but they won't ; and I'd sell out to them if they'd buy my farm, but I don't suppose they can.'

'Do you suppose they would buy a Bible ?'

'Buy a Bible ? No. I doubt if they have one in the house.'

'Then it becomes my duty to carry them one. I will go right over now, while your wife is setting the table.'

'Husband would better go and introduce you,' said Mrs. Barrett.

'I don't know as I had better,' retorted the husband good-naturedly. 'I never do go there excepting to tell them that their hogs are in my garden or their cow in my corn.'

'You would better go,' repeated his wife. 'I will ring the bell when dinner is ready,' and the farmer went, as much to his own surprise as to hers.

Some time later, when the dinner was ready upon the table, Mrs. Barrett rang the bell again, and yet again, without effect.

'They must be in the midst of an argument,' she said to herself. 'I am afraid they will get vexed ; I would better go after them.'

Throwing her blue check gingham apron over her head she ran across—to find them busily engaged indeed, but not in the way she had fancied, for they were all upon their knees and the stranger was pouring out his heart to God in their behalf. Mrs. Barrett forgot her duties as hostess and knelt beside her husband.

It was a precious season ; and before they arose to their feet more than one heart was melted and more than one penitent sinner found voice to pray for himself.

'Come over and eat dinner with me,' said Mrs. Barrett. 'You have had no time to prepare dinner. Come right along. I have plenty for you all, and we can none of us afford to lose a word of this good man's discourse.'

The power of the Gospel of Christ was shown when they all sat down together about the hospitable board for the first time in the nearly twenty years they had lived within a few yards of each other.

'To think I should have found my Saviour at neighbor Lee's,' said Mr. Barrett.

'And to think we should have been converted by a stranger brought in by you,' said the Lees.

'It shows the power of the Holy Spirit,' said Mrs. Barrett. 'This servant of God by his conversation was able to bring you into a receptive mood. It is what I have been praying that I might do for years. The Lord sent this good man to my assistance.'

That was the beginning of a revival, the missionary remaining in the neighborhood for weeks, the Barrett children, even the little ones, being among the converts. When he came again, a year later, Mr. Barrett said :

'There never were better neighbors than mine across the way. We are just like one family.'

'There is nothing like the spirit of love, which is the Gospel of Christ, to make good neighbors,' said the colporter. 'It has been so ever since that song of the angels on the plains of Bethlehem :

'"Peace on earth, good will to men." '—'American Messenger.'

AN OUTRAGE.

The awful inhumanity of the saloon is sometimes shown with fearful clearness by a single act. Such an incident was related the other day by a friend who is connected with a rescue mission in the slums of a great city. In connection with this mission a lodging-house is conducted, so that men who are striving after the better life need not return to their old haunts of sin. Upon most of these men rum has a terrific grip, and their safety lies largely in keeping out of temptation's way. When the saloon-keepers discovered that some of their best customers were being lifted out of the old life by the mission they devised a diabolical plan to pull them down again. They hired men to profess a desire for reformation and to secure quarters in the mission lodging-house. These men carried with them quantities of liquor, provided by their masters, and during the night they offered it freely to their reformed companions, well knowing the power the old appetite had upon them. The result, as anticipated by the saloon-keepers, was that some of the men succumbed to the temptation, and soon were again in the thraldom of the drink monster. It is almost inconceivable that men could resort to such inhuman means to fasten the devil's chains upon a fellow being, yet, after all, we must remember that the life of the saloon necessitates the death of men.—'Golden Rule.'

HINDRANCE TO ALL GOOD.

Regarding Queen Victoria's approval of the provision excluding strong drink from Khama's kingdom and her concluding remark, 'I feel strongly in this matter and am glad to see that the chiefs have determined to keep so great a curse from the people,' the 'Scottish League Journal' logically says : 'This is no utterance that can be discounted because made by an extremist. It cannot be laughed at as like utterances have been when made by rabid teetotalers. It is a verdict from the throne, an arraignment of the liquor traffic in highest place. We venture to say that a comparatively little while ago no such utterances would have been given by Her Majesty. But now from lowest circles up to the highest the conviction is clear and deep that the liquor traffic is a menace to safety, a hindrance to all good and an engine of destruction physically, socially, morally and spiritually.'

'MESSENGER' CLUB RATES.

The following are the club rates for the Northern Messenger' :—

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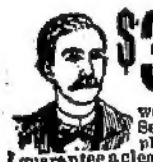

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